

Daniel Price Wants a Wife.

"A gentleman; a native of Maine but late from Washington DC Wishes to marry a respectable Widow Lady with one or 2 Children or without them She must at present be keeping house however very poor and humble she may be. She must be a good and careful seamstress fond of religious amusements with a lady and to only such a lady will find a good kind affectionate husband and he will guarantee her a happy life an american lady is to be preferred address Daniel Price Canada West Stateng. Wear an interview Can be had and what street the number his reason for not tending sooner he was taken suddenly ill will not some reader inform some Poor widow of this notice."

HE CAN GET ONE.

Mister editors of the dabbuk : I seen the abov in the Buffalo Paper wch my unkel cent me thru the P O markt round with a ink mare noin I was one uv the lone widders the gentlman is alookin arter. I am angusius to enter the State uv Connubyl felishousness agin my late pardner having stole a oss and got tuk up and cent to Orburn Fur Ten yers wch my unkel sed at the time wos as good as a funeral in our family fur my pardner want nothin more to me arter the magiste uv the lor was upheld and I am angusius to lose no time in enterin into the boms of wedlock agin afore frost sets in. I knd meat the wants uv mister price in the line uv the children, as my late pardner left me 2 and sense he departed into public life I hev had 2 more uv em somehow. So now I ken kount fore, as fur religous amusement I kin tak em all down in that fine pertickler if ther is any thing like a fiddel to keep time with, as fur the affershuns I can get the affidavy uv Elder Rowly and other deacons on that hed. I no I ken sute mr price, and if he will send me a letur with the munny in it to go to Vienna He pack up my duds and leve with my fore pleges to domestic bliss by the fast rale rode wen ho ses the word so no more at present.

MIRANDY WIGGINS.

PS—I ment to hev told Mr price to send the letter to Macrillville, nee York city New York state, no 157 forth avnu park back rear rume up staries ware it will meat the widder Wiggins.

NB My pen is bad my ink is pail.

CARD PLAYING IN A GRAVE-YARD.—The Wheeling Intelligencer of July 22d says:

"The grave yard in Martinsville, Virginia, is now the daily resort of young men for the purpose of playing euchre. In some instances, young men have been observed engaged in animated games of 'seven up' across the mounds of their brothers, sisters and parents. When sons get to playing old sledge, for a quarter ante, upon the tomb stones of the sons of the sires, we think it about time for the appearance of a missionary or a police officer."

A LETTER from Niagara Falls says that where the suspension bridge originally sagged, only two or three inches under the weight of a train, it now sags nearly twenty inches. The general impression in the neighborhood is that this great work of art will one of these days give way and fall into the river. Visitors now walk over the bridge instead of crossing in the trains as formerly.

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Adoptions.

God schedules and nurtures His people, that through many tribulations they may enter into their rest. Frankenstein, when it is put into the fire, gives the greater perfume, spic, if it be powdered, smells the sweater, the earth, when it is torn with the plow, after frost, and snow, and winter storms, springeth the ranker, the richer the vine is pruned to the stock, the greater grape it yieldeth; the grape, when most pressed and beaten, maketh the sweater wine; fine gold is the better when it is cast into the fire; rough stones, with bowing, are squared and made fit for building; cloth is rent and cast, that it may be made into garments; iron is washed, and wrought and beaten, but it is the farer. These are familiar examples, to show the benefit and commodity which the children receive by persecution. By it God washeth His congregation. "We rejoice," saith St Paul, "in tribulations; knowing that tribulation bringeth forth patience; and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope maketh not ashamed." The power of God is made perfect in weakness, and all things turned unto good to them that fear the Lord.

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So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory. We can never recall the joy with which we laid our hands on our mother's bosom, or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is sought upon into our nature, as the sunlight of long past mornings is wrought up into the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only *believe* in the joy of childhood. But the first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odor breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch to tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.

Questions for Small and Large Children.

Who guarded you when in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when frail, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in all your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day that you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you—are you kind to your mother?

There is more truth than poetry in the following lines:

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the toils of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoever be gained
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.

PRAYER.—In the morning, prayer is the key that opens to us the treasures of God's mercies and blessings. In the evening, it is the key that shuts us up under his protection and safe guard.

Never be faint hearted. Have plenty of pluck, my son. Supposing the whole world is against you—never mind! Go in and fight the entire world! The world is informed that you are sure to beat it "all hollow!"

A Western paper says the telegraph wires in its vicinity were "red with heat" during a late hot spell! We can well believe it, for all the telegrams from that locality were read when they arrived here.

I wish you would embrace my husband's principles," said a dashing lady in Washington, to a member of the opposition. "I could never do that; but I gladly embrace his wife!" was the reply—and that seems to be the idea all around in that latitude.

A schoolboy of about six years of age, approached the master with a bold look and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensued: "May I be dismissed, sir?" "What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?" "I want to take my woman out sleighing, sir."

SCENE.—(Grocery store, lady purchasing cod-lin, eying him of the law standing near.) Lady—"Do you like cod-lin balls, Mr. H?" Mr. H.—hesitatingly—"I really don't know, madam—I never recollect hearing one."

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Soritism.

About twenty years ago, numbers of our young American people were indoctrinated with the principles of what seemed a new system. From France, that great laboratory of magnificent ideas and schemes for the reorganization of the world, came zealous apostles, bearing the gospel of "association," developed by Charles Fourier. Society was to be reconstructed on the basis of "attractive industry," an arrangement under which all men were to work a *little*; but no man was to find it necessary to work *much*. Mankind were to be divided into "groups," distributed into "series," and organized into "phalanxes." All the wants and trouble arising from so many "isolated households" was to be got rid of by merging a thousand families in one great community. One magnificent roof was to cover countless heads—the gigantic steam cooking-range was to cook their dinners—on enormous steam laundry was to keep them clean, and one prodigious nursery was to take up their babies in the way they should go. All property was to be held in common stock, selfishness and greed would disappear and want would be unknown.

Under the sublime examples of this new evangel, not only society, but the earth itself

was to be regenerated, all the swamps and sterile portions of the globe were to yield luscious fruits, and "attractive industry" was to subdue all pestiferous tracts, drain all the marshes, and irrigate the very Deserts of Sahara. The frozen polar circles were to obey the benevolent laws which were to reorganize climate, and the torrid zone was to be abolished by "harmonizing" the equator and the poles. When temperature was equalized, health would be given to the globe; it would no longer generate "vicious imponderable fluids," but would radiate to the solar system a wholesome regenerated atmosphere. Next in order, the noxious and destructive animals would be eliminated. The hyena, the jackal, the crocodile and the mosquito would see the propriety of taking themselves away from a system of things where their nature were "out of harmony," and tigers and sharks would become extinct on every portion of the planet. Human nature would be still more ameliorated; all the fiercer passions, whose "subversive development" is the primal cause of all our ills, would be restored to harmony, and every human being would be converted into an incipient angel without wings. Poverty would be abolished, ignorance would disappear, and vice and crime would be no more. Science, poetry, art and beauty would hold high carnival in every "model phalanx," and it was not to be doubted, that in reign of "attractive industry" all men should speak in blank verse.

This grand social system, out of which were to come such unparalleled results, sprung from the inventive brain of a single Frenchman. In the mind of Fourier there appears to have been a strange mingling of the poetic and the calculating. These splendid pictures surpassing all the dreams of oriental seers, and outranging even the magic of the Arabian Tales, were to be wrought out by strict mathematical laws. Fourier distributed mankind into classes, organized all the diverse tendencies of human nature, analyzed the passions, and attempted to construct a new social order, with all the exact precision of a geometrical theorem. He professed to have discovered that it takes just 1680 men to yield a certainty of every talent in its best development, that is, in every collection of 1680 persons, you shall find, without possibility of failure, men with genius for art, for poetry, for music, for masonry, for lecturing, for architecture, for farming, for physics, for sweeping, for baby-tending, and for horticulture. Allow for accidents, and each community must consist of 2,000 persons, every separate group to take up just 0.000 acres of land. All the minor details of phalanstery life were arranged with equal precision. This part of re-constructed humanity worked with figures of arithmetic quite as much as with figures of the imagination.

Indeed, the prime defect of his system appears to us to be, an undue reliance upon method and arrangement. It allows nothing for human nature, but treats man as a thing to be moulded and organized, manipulated and distributed according to stereotyped rules, one uniform method of life is to be imposed by force of preaching and vote, on all men. Socialism, as developed by Fourier, is the subline of mechanical philosophy. He constructs his harmonious edifice of society, every stone carefully counted and poised, every angle fore-ordained from the beginning, and all the constituent parts arranged and fixed immovably, from dome to fountain stone—he forgets the tempting, heaving, uncontrollable force that dwells in his materials, the living spirit that spurns systems and systems—masons, the unconquerable might of man. In his sociologically exhaustive method, in his ultimate analysis, he has left out the chief factor, without which no result can be achieved. He has skipped no fact in life but life itself. His system ignores the power of individualism, which is swallowed up in socialism. In the figures of his inexorable arithmetic, men only appear as counters, and the net product and sum total of his system is the absorption, if not the destruction of the individual soul.

What's the difference between a carriage wheel and a carriage horse? One goes better when it's tired—the other don't.

What proof have we there was sewing in the time of David? Because he was kenned in on every side.

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The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad.

Never did a doctored human patient show symptoms of a more rapid convalescence than does the Dubuque & Pacific Railroad enterprise, under the management of the new Board of Directors and the new President. After having been crippled and blistered and depleted, until the grave yawned before the dying victim, the substitution of orthodox physicians for the quacks and novices in whose hands the enterprise most unfortunately fell, has already stopped the progress of decay, and the patient is putting on the hue of health.

Col. Thompson, the new President, accepts the position, and in company with the Directors, has been examining the road for a couple of days, as well as the affairs of the company. As a matter of course, the grossly bad management of the "quacks" became apparent, but at the same time the great—almost unequalled capabilities of the enterprise were seen, and the result is, that a vigorous policy will be applied for the purpose of extending the road.

As the first step in the programme, Col. R. B. Mason, the first Railroad engineer of the country, is appointed Vice President of the company, combining in his office the duties of Superintendent and Chief Engineer. He will, in the absence of Col. Thompson, be acting President of the company. This step relieves Mr. J. P. Farley from all official duties in connection with the road, and is indicative of the line of policy in this direction marked out by the new Directory, viz., not to retain a single supernumerary, or any man whose place can be filled by practical talent and experience. This policy carried out will accomplish very much for the success of the project. Col. Mason will return to reside in this city, and take an active personal supervision of the administration of the affairs of the company, and will at once command a respect and confidence for it that has not been enjoyed for the past three years.

The road is to be put through to Independence this fall, and for this purpose a contract has been signed by Mr. Rout, who is not only a man of property and energy, but is endorsed by Mr. Tallman of Utica, whose name alone is the guaranty of success.

Arrangements have also been made by Col. Thompson, the President, for the transportation of the iron over the Pennsylvania Central's Pittsburgh & Ft. Wayne Road, and the Illinois Central, those roads receiving payment in the bonds of the Dubuque & Pacific. The Galena & Chicago Union will probably make the same arrangement, and if not, it will be made with the Racine road, which will be completed to Pkeepert by September 1st. These arrangements, with the ten per cent already paid in upon bonds, and other means at the disposal of the company, ensures the prosecution of the work.

The entire management of the road will be brought down to the strictest standard of economy, and we may therefore hope that, like the strong man whose strength has been undermined by the poisonous decoctions of "quacks" and "cheats," who recovers as soon as nature is allowed to have her own way, the enterprise will acquire the vigor which the magnificent basis of 1,250,000 acres of land ought to give any Railroad enterprise.—*Dubuque Herald*.

The Jackson County Union tells a

tough story of a man who was walking over

his farm she other day, and becoming tired

sat down on a pile of bark, as he thought at

the root of a tree. He rested there almost

three hours, and then, perfectly refreshed,

arose to find that the pile of bark was a big

rattle-snake, fast asleep. The likelihood of

a snake lying asleep, under such circumstances, is so great that we believe that story without another word.

A TOMAH HINE.—There is a man by the

name of Hyde in Cincinnati who is 110 years

of age, and has been married seven times.

The Beauties of War.

During the campaign of the British army in India against the Sikhs a few years ago, a

despatch to the home government described the slaughter of the natives, who were in retreat

crossing a river, in the most

glowing terms, and concluded with these words—“Too much

praise cannot be awarded Lieutenant Col. —, every

gun from whose batteries told

with the most beautiful effect

on the dense masses of the enemy.”

DEEP, MUTTON, PORK, &c.

Always on hand in season. The public may only be

regularly served each morning.

Shop first houses south of the Postoffice on Douglas street.

August 28, 1868. JOHN G. STEPHENS.

17-18.

JOHN H. WAPNER,

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